

The Tragicall Hystoy of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus.

With new Additions.

Written by *Ch. Mar. R*



LONDON,

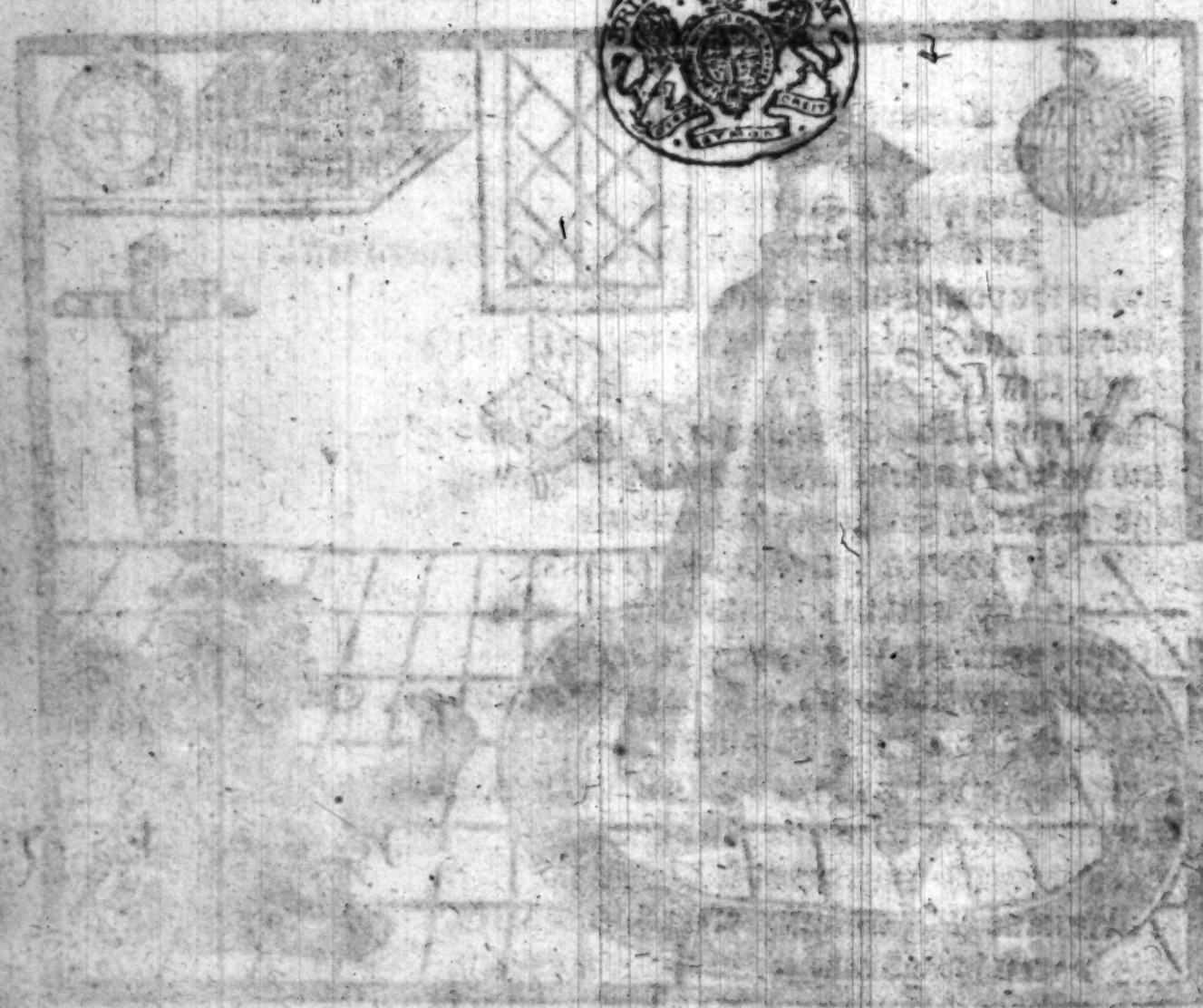
Printed for *John Wright*, and are to be sold at his shop without
Newgate, at the signe of the Bible. 1620.

The Tragical History of the Life and Death

of Doctor Faustus

With new Additions

By Christopher Marlowe



Printed by I. W. at the Theatre Royal, 1633



THE TRAGEDIE OF Doctor Faustus.

Enter Chorus.

NO marching in the fields of Tharsimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagens,
For sporting in the dalliance of love,
In Courts of Kings, where state is ouer-turn'd:
For in the pompe of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to haunt his heavenly verse:
Onely this (Gentles) we must now performe,
The forme of Faustus fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient iudgements we appeale,
And speake for Faustus in his infancie.
How is he bozne of parents base of stocke,
In Germany, within a towne cal'd Rhodes.
At riper yeares to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chieflie brought him vp.
So much he profits in Diuinitie,
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctors name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th'heavenly matters of Theologic:
Till swolne with cunning, and a selfe conceit,
His wauen wings did mount aboue his reach,
And melting, heauens conspir'd his overthrow:
For falling to a diuellish exercise,
And gluttied now with learnings golden gifts,
He surfets on the cur'd Necromancie.

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Nothing so sweet, as Magicke is to him,
Which he preferres before his chiefest blisse,
And this the man that in his Study sits.

Faustus in his Study.

Faust. Settle thy Studies Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt prolesse,
Hauing commenc'd be a Diuine in shew,
Yet leu'ell at the end of euery Art,
And liue and dye in Aristotles woorkes.
Sweet Analitickes, 'tis thou hast rauisht me,
Bene differere est finis Logicis.

Is to dispute well Logicks chiefest end?

Affords this Art no greater miracle?

Then read no more, thou hast attained that end:

A greater subject fitteth Faustus wit:

Bid Oeconomy farewell, and Gallen come;

Be a Physitian Faustus, heape vp gold,

And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:

Summum bonum medicinae sanitas,

The end of Physicke is our bodie's health:

Why Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?

Are not thy Bills hung vp as monuments,

Whereby whole Cities haue escapt the plagus,

And diuers desperate maladies beene cur'd?

Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.

Couldst thou make men to liue eternally,

Or being dead raise men to life againe,

Then this profession were to be esteem'd.

Physicke farewell: where is Iustinian?

Si una eademque res legatus duobus,

Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.

A petty case of paltry Legacies,

Exhereditari filium non potest Pater, nisi &c.

Such is the subiect of the institute,

And vniuersall body of the Law.

This study fits a mercenary drudge,

Who aspires at nothing but externall trash,

To serails and illiberal for me.

of Doctor Faustus.

When all is done Diuinity is best :
Ieromes Bible Faustus, blesse it well :
Stipendium peccati mors est : ha? Stipendium &c.
The reward of sinne is death : thats hard :
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, & nulla est in nobis veritas.
If we say that we haue no sinne
We decriue our selues and there is no truth in vs.
Why then belike we must sinne,
And so consequently dye.
I, we must dye an euerlasting death.
What doctrine call you this? Che sera, sera :
What will be, shall be : Diuinity adieu.
These Metaphisicks of Magicians,
And negromantick booke are heavenly,
Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters :
I, these are those that Faustus most desires.
What a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence
Is promis'd to the studious Artizan :
All things that moue betwene the quiet Poles,
Shall be at my command : Emperors and Kings
Are but obeyd in their severall Provinces :
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as farre as both the minde of man :
A sound Magician is a demigod,
Here fire my haines to gaine a Deity. Enter Wag.
Wagner commend me to my dearest friends,
The Germane Valdes and Cornelius,
Request them earnestly to visite me.

Wag. I will sir.

Exit.

Faust. Their conference will be a greater helpe to me,
Then all my labours, plod I nere so fast.

Enter the Angell and Spirit.

Good An. O Faustus, lay that damned booke aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soule,
And heape Gods heavy wrath upon thy head.

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Read, read the Scriptures: that is blasphemy.

Bad An. Go forward Faustus in that famous Art
Wherein all Natures treasure is containd:
Be thou on earth as Ioue is in the skie,
Lord and commander of these Elements. Exit An.

Faust. How am I gluttied with conceit of this?
Shall I make spirits fit to me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities:
Performe what desperate enterprize I will:
Ile haue them flye to India for gold,
Ransacke the Ocean for Orient Pearle,
And search all corners of the new-found World
For pleasant fruits, and Princely delicates.
Ile haue them reade me strange Philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all forraigne Kings,
Ile haue them wall all Germany with Brasse,
And with swift Rhine circle faire Wittenberge:
Ile haue them fill the publique Schooles with skill,
Wherewith the Students shall be brauely clad.
Ile leue Souldiers with the coyne they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our Land,
And raigne sole King of all the Provinces.
Ile see strange Engines for the brunt of warre,
Then was the fiery keele at Anwerpe Bridge,
Ile make my seruile Spirits to invent.

Come Germano Valdes and Cornelius, Enter Valdes
And make me wise with your sage conference. and Cornel.
Valdes, sweet Valdes and Cornelius,
Know that your words haue wonne me at the last,
To practise Magicke and concealed Arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure:
Both law and Physicke are for petty wits,
Tis Magicke, Magicke that hath rauisht me.
Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt,
And I that haue with subtil Syllogismes
Craueld the Pastors of the Germane Church,
And made the flowing pride of Wittenberge
Swarme to my Problemes, as th' infernall spirits

of Doctor Faustus.

On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Val. Faustus, these bookes, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all Nations canonize vs,
As Indian Moores obey their Spanish Lords:
So shall the spirits of euery Element,
Be alwayes seruiceable to vs three:
Like Lions shall they guard vs when we please.
Like Almane Ruters with their Horsemens staves,
Or Lopland Giants trotting by our sides.
Sometimes like women or vnwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their arsy bowes
Then haue the white breasts of the Queene of Loue.
From Venice they shall drag whole Argosies,
And from America the golden flecte,
That pearly stufes old Phillips treasury,
If learned Faustus will be resolute,

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this,
As thou to liue: therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that Magicke will performe,
Will make thee bow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in Astrology,
Enricht with tongues, well scene in Minerals,
Hath all the Principles Magicke doth require:
Then doubt not Faustus but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Then heretofore the Delphian Oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foraine wrackes:
Yea, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy intralles of the earth:
Then tell me Faustus, what shall we three want?

Faust. Nothing Cornelius. O this cheeres my soule:
Come, shew me some demonstrations magicall
That I may continue in some bashy Crone,
And haue these toys in full possession.

Vald. When haste thee to some solitary Crone,

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And beare wisse Bacons and Albanus woordes,
The Hebrew Psalter, and new Testament,
And whatsoever else is requisite,
We will informe thee ere our conference cease:

Cor. Valdes, first let him know the words of Art,
And then all other ceremonies learn'd
Faustus may try his cunning by himselfe.

Val. First Ile instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter then I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after meat,
Wee'l cannaise every quiddity thereof:
For ere I sleepe Ile try what I can doe,
This night Ile confute though I die therefore. *Exeunt omni.*

Enter two Schollers.

1 Sch. I wonder whats become of Faustus that was wont
To make our Schooles ring with sic probò. *Enter Wag.*

2 Sch. That shall we presently know, here comes his boy.

1 Sch. How now sirra, where's thy master?

Wag. God in Heauen knowes.

2 Sch. Why, dost not thou know then?

Wag. Yes, I know, but that followes not.

1 Sch. Go to sirra, leave your tugging & tell vs where he is.

Wag. That followes not by force of argument, which you
being Licentiats should stand upon, therefore acknowledge
your errour and be attentive.

2 Sch. Then you will not tell vs?

Wag. You are deceived, for I will tell you yet if you were
not dunces, you would neuer aske me such a question. For is
he not Corpus naturale? and is not that mobile? Then where-
fore should you aske me such a question? But that I am by na-
ture flegmaticque, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love
I would say) it were not for you to come within forty foot of
the place of execration, although I do not doubt but to see you
both hanged the next Sessions. Thus having triumpht over
you, I will set my countenance like a Physician, and beginne
to speake thus: Truly my deare Brethren, my Master

of Doctor Faustus.

is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this while
if it could speake would informe your moethings : and so
the Lord blesse you, preserve you, and keepe you my deare
brethren.

Exit.

1 Sch. O Faustus then I feare & which I have long suspected:
That thou art fallen into that damned Art,
For which they two are infamous through the world.

2 Sch. Were he a stranger, not allied to me,
The danger of his soule would make me mourne:
But come let vs goe, and informe the Rector,
It may be his graue counsell may reclaine.

1 Sch. I feare me nothing will reclaine him now.

2 Sch. Yet let vs see what we can doe.

Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer and foure Diuels, *Faustus* to
them with this speech.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orions dyling lookes,
Leapes from th' Antarticke world unto the skie,
And dimmes the Welkin with his pitchy breath:
Faustus begin thine Inchantations,
And trye if Diuells will obey thy Wilt,
Seeing thou hast prayd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this Circle is Iehoua's name,
Forward and backward Anagramatiz'd:
Th' abbreviated names of holy Saints,
Figures of euery adiunct to the heauens,
And Characters of signes and erring starres,
By which the spirits are forc'd to rise:
Then feare not Faustus to be resolute,
And try the vtmost Magic he can performe.

Thunder. Sint mihi Dii acherontis propitii, valeat numen tri-
plex Iehoua, ignei, Aerii, Aquitani spiritus saluete: Orientis
Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis Monarcha & Demigor-
gon, propitiatus vos, vt appareat, & surgat Mephistophilis
Dragon, quod tumeraris: per Iehouam, gehennam, & con-

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secratam aquam, quam nunc spargo; signumque Crucis quod
nunc facio; & per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus
Mephostophilis.

Enter a Diuell.

I charge thee to returne and change thy shape,
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go and returne an old Franciscan Friar,
What holy shape becomes a Diuell best.
I see there's vertue in my heavenly words.
Who would not be proficient in this Art:
How pliant is this Mephostophilis:
Full of obedience and humility,
Such is the force of Magicke and my spells.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Meph. Now Faustus what wouldst thou haue me do?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To doe what euer Faustus shall command:
Be it to make the moone drop from her Sphære,
Or the Ocean to ouerwhelme the world.

Meph. I am a seruant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave;
No more then he commands must we performe.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appeare to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine owne accord.

Faust. Did not my coniuring raise thee? speake.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet per accident:
For when we heare one racke the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ;
We lye, in hope to get his glorious soule:
For will we come vntlesse he vse such meanes,
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd:
Therefore the shortest cut for coniuring
Is stoutly to abjure all godlinesse,
And pray deuoutly to the Prince of Hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath already done & holds this principle,
There is no chiefe but onely Belzebub:

of Doctor Faustus.

To whom Faustus doth dedicate himselfe.
This word damnation terrifies not me.
For I confound Hell in Elizium:
My Ghost be with the old Philosophers,
But leauing these vaine trifles of mens soules,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy Lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and Commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an Angell once?

Meph. Yes Faustus, and most dearly lou'd of God.

Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of Diuels?

Meph. A: by aspiring pride and insolence.

For which God threwhim from the face of heauen.

Faust. And what are you that liue with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that liue with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,

And are for euer damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In Hell.

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of Hell?

Meph. Why this is Hell, nor am I out of it.

Thinkest thou that I, that saw the face of God,

And tasted the eternall ioyes of Heauen,

Am not tormented with ten thousand Hells,

In being depriv'd of everlasting blisse?

O Faustus, leaue those frivolous demands,

Which strikes a terror to my fainting soule.

Faust. What is great Mephistophilis so passionate,

For being depriv'd of the ioyes of heauen?

Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,

And scorne those ioyes thou neuer shalt possesse.

Go heare these tydings to great Lucifer,

Seeing Faustus hath incord eternall death,

By desperate thoughts against Ioues Deity:

Say he surrenders vp to him his soule,

So he will spare him foure and twenty yeares,

Letting him liue in all voluptuousnesse,

Hauiug thee euer to attend on me,

To giue me whatsoeuer I shall aske,

To tell me whatsoeuer I demand:

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To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends;
And alwaies be obedient to my will,
Go, and returne to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy masters minde.

Meph. I will Faustus.

Exit.

Faust. Had I as many soules as there be starres,
I'de giue them all for Mephostophillis:
By him Ile be great Emperour of the World,
And make a Bridge through the morning Ayre,
To passe the Ocean with a band of men.
Ile ioyne the hills that bound the Affricke shore,
And make that Country continent to Spaine,
And both contributory to my Crowne.
The Emperour shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any Potentate of Germany.
Now that I haue obtained what I desire,
Ile live in speculation of this Art
Till Mephostophillis returne againe.

Exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

Wag. Come hith: r sirra boy.

Clo. Boy? O disgrace to my person: Zounds Boy in your
face, you haue seene many boyes with beards I am sure.

Wag. Hast thou no comings in?

Clo. Yes, and goings out too, you may see sir.

Wag. Alas poore slave, see how poverty tests in his naked-
nesse, I know the villaine's out of service, and so hungry,
that I know he would giue his soule to the Diuell for a shoul-
der ofutton, though it were blond raw.

Clo. Not so neither, I had need to haue it well roasted, and
good sauce to it, if I pay so deare, I can tell you.

Wag. Sirra, wilt thou be my man and wait on me: and I
will make thee goe, like Qui mihi discipulus.

Clo. What in verbe?

Wag. No slave in beaten like, and stanes-aker.

Clo. Stanes-aker: that's good to kill Germane: then be

like

of Doctor Faustus.

like if I serue you, I shall be long.

Wag. Why so thou shalt bee, whether thou dost it or no: for sirra, if thou dost not presently bind thy selfe to mee for seuen yeeres, I'll turne all the life about thee into Familiars, and make them teare thee in pierces.

Clo. May sir you may saue your selfe a labour, for they are as familiar with me, as if they paid for their meat and drinke, I can tell you.

Wag. Well sirra, leaue your iesting, and take these guldens.

Clo. Yes marry sir, and I thanke you too.

Wag. So, now thou art to be at an houres warning, when soeuer, and wher soeuer the Diuell shall fetch thee.

Clo. Here take your Guldens againe, I'll none of 'em.

Wag. Not I, thou art prest, prepare thy selfe, for I will presently raise vp two Diuels to carry thee away. Banio, Belcher.

Clo. Belcher? and Belcher come here, I'll helch him: I am not afraid of a Diuell. Enter two Diuels.

Wag. Now now sir, will you serue me now?

Clo. A good Wagner, take away the Diuell then.

Wag. Spirits away, now sirra follow me.

Clo. I will sir, but hark you Master, will you teach me this coniuring occupation?

Wag. I sirra, I'll teach thee to turne thy selfe to a Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse or a Rat, or any thing.

Clo. A Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat: O byane Wagner.

Wag. Willaine, call me Master Wagner, and see that you walke attentiuely, and let your right side be alwayes Diametrically first vpon my left heele, that thou maist, Quasi vestigias nostras infistere.

Clo. Well sir, I warrant you. Exit.

Enter Faustus in his study.

Faust. Now Faustus, must thou needs be damn'd? Canst thou not be sav'd? What bootes it then to thinke on God or Heaven?

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Away with such vaine fancies, and despair,
Despaire in God, and trust in Belzebub,
Now go not backe Faustus, be resolute.
Why wauest thou? O something soundeth in mine eare,
Abjure this Magicke turne to God againe.
Why he lonest thee not: The God thou seru'st is thine owne
Whereto is first the loue of Belzebub (appetite,
To him Ile build an Altar and a Church,
And offer luke warme blood of new borne babes.

Enter the two Angels.

Euill An. Go forward Faustus in that most famous Art.

Good An. Sweet Faustus leaue that execrable Art.

Faust. Contrition, Prayer, Repentance, What be these?

Good An. O, they are meanes to bring thee vnto heauen.

Euill An. Rather illusions, fruits of Ianay,
That make men foolish that do vse them most.

Good A. Sweet Faustus think of heauen & heavenly things

Bad A. No Faustus thinke of honour & of wealth. Exeunt A.

Faust. Wealth: why the Signory of Embody shall be mine.
When Mephostophilis shall stand by me

What power can hurt me? Faustus thou art safe:

Cast no more doubts: Mephostophilis, come,

And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer:

Is not midnight? Come Mephostophilis.

Veni, veni, Mephostophilis. Enter Meph.

Now, tell me what saith Lucifer thy Lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he liues,

So he will buy my seruice with his soule.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,

And write a Deed of Gift with thine owne blood:

For that security craves Lucifer.

If thou deny it I must backe to Hell.

Faust. Stay Mephostophilis, and tell me,

What good will my soule do thy Lord?

Meph. Enlarge his Kingdome.

Faust.

Act V of Doctor Faustus.

Fau. Is that the reason why he tempts vs thus?

Meph. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Fau. Why, haue you any vaine that torture other?

Meph. As great as haue the humane soules of men.

But tell me Faustus shall I haue thy soules?

And I will be thy slaue and wait on thee,

And giue thee more then thou hast wit to aske.

Fau. I Mephostophilis, Ile giue it him,

Meph. Then Faustus stab thine arme courageously,

And bind thy soule, that at some certaine day

Great Lucifer may claime it as his owne:

Then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Fau. Lo Meph. for loue of thee Faustus hath cut his Arme,

And wth his proper blood assures his soule to be great Lucifers:

Chiefe Lord and regent of perpetuall night.

View here this blood that trickles from mine arme,

And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But Faustus, write it in manner of a Deed of Gift.

Write it in manner of a Deed of Gift.

Fau. I so I do; but Mephostophilis,

My blood congeales, and I can write no more.

Meph. Ile fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

Exit.

Fau. What might the staying of my blood portend?

It is vnwilling I should write this bill,

Why streames it not that I may write afresh?

Faustus giues to thee his soule: & there it staid.

Why shouldst thou not: is not thy soule thine owne?

Then write againe: Faustus giues to thee his soule.

Enter Mephostophilis with the Chafer of fire.

Meph. See Faustus here is fire, set it on.

Fau. So now the blood begins to cleare againe,

Now will I make an end immediately.

Meph. What will not I do to obtaine his soule?

Fau. Consummation est: this bill is ended,

And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soule to Lucifer,

But what is this inscription on mine Arme?

How

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Homo fuge, whither should I fly :
If into Heauen heele thye me betwixt to hell.

My senses are deceiv'd here's nothing writ :

O yes, I see it plaine, even here is writ

Homo fuge, yet shall not Faustus flye.

Meph. He fetch him somewhat to delight his minde. Exic.

Enter Diuels, giuing Crownes and rich apparell to

Faustus : they dance and then depart.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Faust. What meanes this shew : speake Mephostophilis.

Meph. Nothing Faustus but to delight thy minde,

And let thee see what Magicke can performe.

Faust. But may I raise such spirits when I please :

Meph. I Faustus, and do greater things then these.

Faust. When Mephostophilis receive this scrole,

A Deed of Gift, of body and of soule :

But yet conditionally, that thou performe,

All Covenants and Articles betweene vs both.

Meph. Faustus, I sweare by Hell and Lucifer,

To effect all promises betweene vs both.

Faust. When heare me reade it Mephostophilis,

On these conditions following.

First, that *Faustus* may be a Spirit in forme and substance.

Secondly, that *Mephostophilis* shall bee his seruant, and bee by him commanded.

Thirdly, that *Mephostophilis* shall doe for him, and bring him whatsoeuer.

Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber, or house inuisible.

Lastly, that hee shall appeare to the said *John Faustus*, at all times, in what shape and forme soeuer he please.

I *John Faustus* of Wittemberg, Doctor, by these presents, doe giue both body and soule to *Lucifer*, Prince of the East, and his Minister *Mephostophilis*, and furthermore grant vnto them that foure and twenty yeares being expired, and these Articles aboue written being inuiolate, full power to fetch or carry the said

of Doctor Faustus.

said *Iohn Faustus* body and soule, flesh and blood, into their habitation wheresoeuer.

By me *Iohn Faustus*.

Meph. Speake *Faustus*, do you deliuer this as your Deed?

Faust. I, take it, and the diuell giue thee good of it.

Meph. So now *Faustus* aske me what thou wilt.

Faust. First, I will question thee about Hell,
Tell me, where is that place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the Heauens.

Faust. I, so are all things else: but whereabouts?

Meph. Witt in the bowels of these Elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remaine for euer.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd

In one selfe place; but where we are is Hell,

And where hell is there must we euer be.

And to be short, when all the world dissolues,

And every creature shall be purg'd,

All places shall be hell that are not heauen

Faust. I thinke heli's a meere fable.

Meph. I, thinke so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, dost thou thinke that *Faustus* shall be damnd?

Meph. I, of necessity, for here's the serowle
In which thou hast giuen thy soule to Lucifer.

Faust. I, and body to, but what of that?

Thinkest thou that *Faustus* is so fond to imagine

That after this life there is any paine?

No, these are trifles, and mere old wines tales.

Meph. But I am an instance to proue the contrary:
For I tell thee I am damnd, and now in hell.

Faust. Nay and this be hell, Ile willingly be damnd:
What sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing?

But leaning this, let me haue a wife, the fairest Maid in Ger-
many, for I am wanton and lasciuious, and cannot liue with-
out a wife.

Meph. Well *Faustus*, thou shalt haue a wife.

He fetches in a Woman Diuell.

Faust. What sight is this?

C

Meph.

The Tragicall History

Meph. Now Faustus wilt thou haue a wife?

Faust. Here's a hot whoze indeed: no, Ile no wife.

Meph. Marriage is but a ceremoniall toy,
And if thou louest me thinke no more of it:
Ile cull thee out the fairest Curtezans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed:
She whom thine eye shall like, thine heart shall haue,
More she as chaste as were Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautifull
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here take this booke and peruse it well:
The iterating of these lines brings gold.
The framing of this circle on the ground,
Brings Thunder, Whirle-winds, storme and lightning.
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thy selfe,
And men in harnesse shall appeare to thee,
Ready to execute what thou commandst.

Faust. Thanks Mephostophilis for this sweet booke:
This will I keepe as chary as my life.

Exeunt.

Enter Wagner solus.

Wag Learned Faustus

To know the secrets of Astronomy
Craven in the booke of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount himselfe to scale Olympus top.
Being seated in a Chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoke Dragons necks,
He now is gone to proue Cosmography,
And as I guesse, will first arize at Rome,
To see the Pop and manner of his Court:
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
Th-t on this day is highly solemnizd.

Exit Wagner.

Enter Faustus in his Study and Mephostophilis.

Fau. When I behold the Heauens then I repent,
And curse thee wicked Mephostophilis,

Because

of Doctor Faustus!

Because thou hast depriv'd me of those loves.

Meph. It was thine owne saking Faustus, thanks thy selfe.
But thinkest thou Heaven such a glorious thing?
I tell thee Faustus, it is not halfe so faire
As thou or any man that breaths on earth.

Fau. How prou'st thou that?

Meph. It was made for man, then hee's more excellent.

Fau. If Heaven was made for man, it was made for me:
I will renounce this Magicke and repent.

Enter the two Angels.

Good An. Faustus repent, yet God will pittie thee.

Bad A. Thou art a Spirit, God cannot pittie thee.

Fau. Who buzzeth in mine eares, I am a Spirit?
Be I a Diuell, yet God may pittie me.
Yea, God will pittie me if I repent.

Bad A. I, but Faustus neuer shall repent.

Exeunt Ang.

Fau. My heart is hardned, I cannot repent.
Scarcely can I name saluation, Faith, or Heaven,
Swords, poysons, halters, and iuenuen'd Steele,
Are laid before me to dispatch my selfe:
And long ere this I should haue done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deepe despair.
Haue not I made blinde Homer sing to me
Of Alexanders loue, and Oenons death?
And hath not he that built the wals of Thebes,
With ravishing sound of his melodious Harpe,
Made musicke with my Mephostophilis?
Why should I dye then, or base.ly despair?
I am resolu'd Faustus shall not repent.
Come Mephostophilis, let vs dispute againe,
And reason of Diuine Astrology.
Speake, are there many Sphaeres aboue the Moone?
Are all Celestiall bodies but one Globe,
As is the substance of this Centricke Earth?

The Tragical History

Meph. As are the Elements such are the Heavens,
Even from the Moone unto the Emperiall Orbe,
Mutually folded in each others Spheres,
And ioyntly move vpon one axle-tree,
Whose terminie is termed the worlds wide Pole.
No: are the names of Saturne, Mars or Iupiter,
Fain'd, but are Evening starres.

Faust. But haue they all one motion both sicu & tempore?

Meph. All moue from East to West in foure and twenty
houres, vpon the Poles of the world, but differ in their moti-
ons vpon the Poles of the Zodiacke.

Fau. These slender questions Wagner can decide:

Hath Mephostophilis no greater skill?

Who knowes not the double motion of the Planets?

That the first is finish't in a naturall day?

The second thus, Saturne in 30 yeares;

Iupiter in 12 Mars in 4. the Sun, Venus and

Mercury in a yeare; the Moone in twenty eight dayes.

These are fresh mens questions: but tell me, hath euery
Sphere a Dominion, or Intelligencia? Meph. I.

Fau. How many Heavens or Spheres are there?

Meph. Nine, the seauen Planets, the Firmament, and the
Emperiall Heauen.

Fau. But is there not Coelum Igneum & Christallinum?

Meph. No Faustus, they be but fables.

Fau. Resolue me then in this one question:

Why are not Coniunctions, Oppositions, Aspects, Eclipses,
all at one time, but in some yeares we haue moze in some lesse?

Meph. Per inequalem morum respectu totius.

Fau. Well, I am answer'd: now tell me who made the

Meph. I will not. (world?)

Fau. Sweet Mephostophilis tell me.

Meph. Moue me not Faustus.

Fau. Willaine haue not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. That is not against our kingdome.

This is: Thou art damn'd, thinke thou of Hell.

Fau. Thinke Faustus vpon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. ————— Exit.

Faust.

of Doctor Faustus.

Fau. I, go accursed Spirit to vgly hell:
Tis thou hast damnd distressed Faustus soule. Ist not too late?

Enter the two Angels.

Bad. Too late.

Good. Neuer too late if Faustus will repent.

Bad. If thou repent, Diuels will teare thee in pieces.

Good. Repent and they shall neuer raise thy skin. Ex. An.

Faust. O Christ my Sautour, my Sautour,
Helye to sane distressed Faustus soule.

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephostophilis.

Luci. Christ cannot sane thy soule, for he is iust,
There's none but I haue interest in the same.

Faust. O what art thou that lookst so terribly?

Luci. I am Lucifer, & this is my companion prince in hell,

Faust. O Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soule.

Belz. We are come to tell thee thou dost iniure vs.

Luci. Thou calst on Christ contrary to thy promise.

Belz. Thou shouldst not thinke on God.

Luci. Thinke on the Diuell.

Belz. And his dam to.

Fau. Noz will Faustus hencefozth, pardon him for this,
And Faustus vovnes neuer to looke to Heauen.

Lucif. So shalt thou shew thy selfe an obedient seruant,
And wee will highly gratifie thee for it.

Belz. Faustus, wee are come from Hell in Person to shew
thee some pastime: sit downe, and thou shalt behold the seauen
deadly sinnes appeare to thee in their owne proper shapes and
likenesse.

Fau. That sight will be as pleasant vnto me, as Paradise
was to Adam the first day of his Creation.

Lucif. Talke not of Paradise or Creation, but marke the
shew, go Mephostophilis fetch them in.

Enter the seauen deadly Sinnes.

Belz. Now Faustus, question them of their names and dis-
positions.

The Tragical History

Fau. What shall I looke : What art thou the first :

Pride. I am Pride; I disdaine to haue any parents: I am like to Ouids Flea, I can creep into enery corner of a wench: Sometimes like a Perriwigge, I sit vpon her Brow: next, like a Pecke-lace, I hang about her Necke: Then, like a Fanne of Feathers, I kisse her: And then turning my selfe to a wrought smocke doe what I list. But fie, what a smell is here? He not speake a word more for a Kings Ransome, vlesse the ground bee perfumed and couered with cloath of Aras.

Fau. Thou art a proud knaue indeed: what art thou the second?

Couet. I am Couetousnesse: begotten of an old Churle in a leather bag: and might I now obtaine my wish, this house, you and all, should turne to gold, that I might locke you safe into my Chest: O my sweet gold.

Fau. And what art thou the third?

Enuy. I am Enuy: begotten of a Chimney-sweeper and an Oyster-wife: I cannot reade, and therefore with all bookes burned. I am leane with seeing others eate: O that there would come a famine ouer all the world, that all might die, & I line alone, then thou shouldst see how fat I de be. But must thou sit and I stand: come downe with a vengeance.

Fau. Out enuious wretch: What art thou the fourth?

Wrath. I am Wrath, I had neither Father nor Mother, I leapt out of a Lyons mouth when I was scarce an houre old, and haue euer since run vp and downe the world with the case of Raplers, wounding my selfe when I could get none to fight withall: I was bozne in Hell, and looke to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Fau. And what art thou the fift?

Glut. I am Gluttony, my parents are all dead, and the diuell a penny they haue left me but a small pentton, and that buyes me thirty meales a day, and ten Beauers: a small trifle to suffice nature. I came of a royall Pedegree, my Father was a Gammon of Bacon, and my Mother was a Hogs-head of Claret wine. My God-fathers were these: Peter, pickled herring, and Martin Partlemas-beefe: But my God-mother

of Doctor Faustus.

mother, & she was an ancient Gentlewoman, her name was Margery March-beere. Now Faustus thou hast heard all my Progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Fau. Not I.

Glut. Then the Diuell choake thee.

Fau. Choake thy selfe Glutton: What art thou the first?

Sloth. Hey ho: I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny-bank, Hey ho, Ile not speake a word more for a kings ransom.

Fau. And what are you Filtris Pinks, the seventh & last?

Letch. Who? I sir? I am one that loues an inch of raweutton, better then an ell of fride Stockfish: and the first letter of my name begins with Letchery.

Lucif. Away to hell, away, on Piper. Ex. the 7 Sinnes.

Fau. O how this sight doth delight my soule.

Lucif. But Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Fau. O might I see hell, and returne againe safe, how happy were I then?

Lucif. Faustus, thou shalt: at midnight I will send for thee, Meane while peruse this booke, and view it thoroughly, And thou shalt turne thy selfe into what shape thou wilt.

Fau. Thanks mighty Lucifer,
This will I keepe as chary as my life.

Lucif. Now Faustus farewell.

Fau. Farewell great Lucifer. Come Mephostophilis.
Exeunt omnes, seuerall wayes.

Enter the Clowne.

What Dick, looks to the horses there till I come againe,
I haue gotten one of Doctor Faustus conuring bookes, and
now wee'll haue such knauery as't passes.

Enter Dick.

Dic. What Robin, you must come away & walke the horses.

Rob. I walke the horses: I scozn't ifaith, I haue other
maters in hand, let the horses walke themselves as they will.
A per sea, r. h. e. the: o per se o, deny orgon, gorgon: keepe
farther from me O thou illiterate and vnlearned Poulter.

Dic. Snayles, what hast thou got there: a booke: why thou
canst not read a word on't.

Rob.

The Tragical History

Rob. That thou shalt see presently: keepe out of the Circle I say, lest I send you into the Dstr with a vengeance.

Dick. What's like ifaith: you had best leane your sculery, for an my master come, hee'll conure you ifaith.

Rob. My master conure me? He tell thee what, an my master come here, He clap a sayze payze of hoznes on's head, as ere thou sawst in thy life.

Dic. Thou needst not do that, for my mistrisse hath done it.

Rob. I, there be of vs here that haue waded as deep into matters as other men, if they were disposed to talke.

Dick. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneake by and downe after her for nothing. But I prithce tell me in good sadnesse Robin, is that a conuring Booke:

Rob. Do but speake what thou'lt haue mee to doe, and He do't: If thou'lt dance naked put off thy clothes, and He conure thee about presently: Or if thou'lt go but to the Tauerne with me, He gine thee White wine, Red wine, Claret-wine, Sacke, Muscadine, Malmesey, and Willippinewine, held belly hold, and wee'll not pay one penny for it.

Dick. O bzaue, I prithce let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

Rob. Come then let vs away.

Exeunt.

Enter the Chorus.

Learned Faustus, to finde the secrets of Astronomy
Gauen in the Booke of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount him vp to scale Olimpus top:
Where sitting in a Chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoked Dragons necks:
To view the Clouds, the Planets and the Starres,
The Tropicke Zones, and quarters of the Sky,
From the bright circle of the hoyned Wone,
Cuen to the height of Primum mobile:
And whirling round with this circumference,
Within the concaue compasse of the Pole,
From East to West his Dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight dayes did bring him home againe.

Prof Doctor Faustus.

Not long he staid within his quiet house,
To rest his bones after his weary toyle,
But new exploits do hale him out agen,
And mounted then vpon a Dragons backe,
That with his wings did part the subtle Ayre,
He now is gone to proue Cosmography,
That measures coasts and kingdomes of the earth:
And as I guesse, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
The which this day is highly solemnized. Exit.

Enter Faustus and Mephostophilis.

Faust. Having now my good Mephostophilis,
Hast with delight the stately towne of Trier:
Inuiron'd round with ayre mountaine tops,
With walls of flint, and deepe intrenched Lakes,
Not to be wonne by any conquering Prince,
From Paris next, coasting the realme of France,
We saw the Riner Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruttfull Vines.
Then vnto Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings sayre, and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest bricke.
There saw we learn'd Maroes golden Tombe:
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Through a rocke of Stone in one nights space.
From thencee to Venice, Padua, and the Cast,
In one of which a sumptuous Temple stands,
That threatens the Starres with her aspiring top,
Whose frame is paved with sundry coloured Stones,
And roest aloft with curious worke in gold.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time.
But tell now, what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as earst I did command,
Conducted me within the wals of Rome?

Meph. I haue my Faustus, and for proufe thereof,

The Tragical History

This is the goodly Pallace of the Pope:
And cause we are no common guests,
I chuse his priuy Chamber for our vse.

Faust. I hope his Holinesse will bid you welcome.

Meph. All's one, for we'll be bold with his benison.

But now my Faustus that thou maist perceiue
What Rome containes, for to delight thine eyes:

Know that this City stands vpon seauen hills,

That vnderprop the ground-wozke of the same:

Iust thzough the midst runs flowing Tibers streame,

With winding banks that cut it in two parts:

Ouer the which two stately Bridges leane,

That make safe passage to each part of Rome,

Vpon the Bridge cal'd P onto Angelo

Erected is a Castle passing strong.

Where thou shalt see such store of Ordnance,

As that the double Cannons for'd of Brasse,

Do match the number of the dayes contain'd

Within the compasse of one compleat yeare:

Beside the gates and high Pyramides,

That Iulius Caesar brought from Affrica

Faust. Now by the kingdomes of Infernall rule,

Of Stix, of Acheron, and the fierp Lake

Of euer-burning Phlegeton, I sweare,

That I do long to see those Monuments,

And situation of bright splendant Rome,

Come therefore lets away.

Meph. Stay stay my Faustus, I know you'd see the Pope,

And take some part of holy Peters feast,

The which in state and high solemnity.

This day is held thzough Rome and Italy,

In honour of the Popes triumphant victory.

Faust. Sweet Mephostophilis thou pleasest me,

Whilst I am here on earth let me be cloid

With all things that delight the heart of man.

My foure and twenty yeares of liberty.

Ile spend in pleasure and in dalliance,

That Faustus name while this bright frame doth stand,

of Doctor Faustus.

May be admired through the furthest Land.

Meph. 'Tis well said Faustus, come then stand by me,
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

Faust. Stay stay my gentle Mephostophilis,
And grant me my request and then I goe.

Thou knowest within the compasse of eight dayes,
We view'd the face of heauen, of earth, and hell.

So high our Dragons soar'd into the Ayre,
That looking downe, the Earth appear'd to me,

No bigger then my hand in quantity.
There did we view the Kingdomes of the world,

And what might please mine eye I there beheld.
Then in this shew let me an Actor be,

That this proud Pope may Faustus comming see.
Meph. Let it be so my Faustus, but first stay,

And view their triumphs, as they passe this way.
And then devise what best contents thy minde,

By comming in thine Art to crosse the Pope,
Or dash the pride of this solemnity;

To make his Monkes and Abbots stand like Apes,
And point like Antiques at his triple Crowne:

To beate the Beads about the Friers pates,
Or clap huge hornes vpon the Cardinalls heads:

Or any villany thou canst devise,
And Ile perforce Faustus: haake, they come:

This day shall make thee be admir'd in Rome.

Enter Cardinalls and Bishops, some bearing Crosiers, some the
Pillars, Monks and Friers singing their procession:

Then the Pope, and Raymond King of Hun-
gary, with Bruno led in chaines.

Pope. Cast downe our foot stoole.

Ray. Hail Bruno scape,

Whilst on thy backe his Holinesse ascends
Saint Peters Chaire, and state Pontificall.

Bru. Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me!

But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

The Tragical History

Pope. To me and Peter, shalt thou groveling lye,
And crouch before the Papall dignity:
Sound Trumpets then, for thus Saint Peters Heire,
From Bruno's barke ascends Saint Peters Chaire.

A Flourish while he ascends.

Thus, as the gods creepe on with feet of wool,
Long ere with iron hands they punish men,
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise
Lord Cardinals of France and Padua,
Go forth with to the holy Consistory,
And reade amongst the statutes decretall,
What by the holy Councell held at Trent,
The sacred Synod hath decreed for him,
That doth assume the Papall government,
Without election and a true consent:
Away, and bring vs word with speed.

1 Card. We go my Lord.

Exeunt Card.

Pope. Lord Raymond.

Faust. Go haste the gentle Mephostophilis,
Follow the Cardinals to the Consistory;
And as they turne their superstitious bookes,
Strike them with stoth and droule idlenesse;
And make them sleepe so sound, that in their shapes,
Thy selfe and I may parley with the Pope,
This pꛛeud confronter of the Emperour:
And in despite of all his Volinesse
Restore this Bruno to his liberty,
And beare him to the States of Germany.

Meph. Faustus, I goe.

Faust. Dispatch it soone.

The Pope shall curse that Faustus came to Rome.

Exit Faustus and Meph.

Bruno. Pope Adrian, let me haue right of Law,
I was elected by the Emperour.

Pope. We will depose the Emperour for that deed,
And curse the people that submit to him;
Both he and thou shall stand excommunicate,

And

of Doctor Faustus.

And interdict from Churches Priviledge,
 And all society of holy men:
 He grows too proud in his authority,
 Lifting his lofty head above the clouds,
 And like a steeple over-peeres the Church.
 But wee'll pull downe his haughty insolence:
 And as Pope Alexander, our Poyentour,
 Rode on the necks of Germane Fredericke,
 Adding this golden sentence to our praise;
 That Peters heyres should tread on Emperors,
 And walke vpon the dreadfull Adders backe,
 Treading the Lyon and the Dragon downe.
 And fearelesse spurne the killing Basiliske:
 So will we quell that haughty Scismaticke,
 And by authority Apostolicall
 Depose him from his regall government.

Bru. Pope Iulius swoze to Princely Sigismond,
 For him and the succeeding Popes of Rome,
 To hold the Emperors their lawfull Lords.

Pope. Pope Iulius did abuse the Churches rites,
 And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
 'Tis not all power on earth bestow'd on vs:
 And therefore though we would, we cannot erre.
 Behold this siluer Belt whereto is fast
 Seven golden scales fast sealed with seven scales;
 In token of our seven-fold power from heauen,
 To bind or loose, locke fast, condemne, or iudge,
 Resigne, or seale, or what so pleaseth vs.
 When he and thou, and all the world shall sleepe,
 We be assured of our dreadfull curse,
 As light as heavy as the paines of Hell.

Enter Faustus and Mephisto, like the Cardinalls.

Meph. Now tell me Faustus, are we not fitted well?

Faust. Yes Mephistophilis, and two such Cardinalls
 We're seru'd a holy Pope, as we shall doe
 But whilst they sleepe within the Consistory,

The Tragical History

Let vs salute his reuerend Fatherhood.

Ray. Behold my Lord the Cardinalls are return'd.

Pope Welcome graue fathers, answers presently,
What hath our holy Councell there decreed
Concerning Bruno and the Emperoz,
In quittance of their late conspiracy
Against our State and Papall dignitie?

Faust. Most sacred Patron of the Church of Rome,
By full consent of all the Synod
Of Priests and Prelates, it is thus decreed:
That Bruno and the Germane Emperoz
Be held as Lolloys and bold Schismaticques,
And proud disturbers of the Churches peace.
And if that Bruno by his owne assent,
Without enforcement of the Germane Pères,
Did seeke to weare the triple Diadem,
And by your death, to climbe Saint Peters Chaire,
The Statutes decretall haue thus decreed,
He shall be straight condemn'd of heresie,
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.

Pope. It is enough; here, take him to your charge,
And beare him straight to Ponto Angelo,
And in the strongest Tower enclose him fast;
To morrow sitting in our Consistory,
With all our Colledge of graue Cardinalls,
We will determine of his life or death.
Here, take this triple Crowne along with you,
And leaue it in the Churches treasury.
Make haste againe, my good Lord Cardinalls,
And take our blessing Apostolicall.

Meph. So, so, was neuer Dinell thus blest before.

Faust. Away sweet Mephosto. be gone,
The Cardinalls will be plagu'd for this anon.

Ex. Faustus and Mephosto.

Pope. Go presently, and bring a Banquet forth,
That we may solemnize Saint Peters feast,
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary,
Drinke to our late and happy victory.

Exeunt.

of Doctor Faustus.

A Siner, while the Banquet is brought in, and then Enter
Faustus and Mephostophilis in their
owne shapes.

Meph. Now Faustus come prepare thy selfe for mirth,
The sleepey Cardinalls are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
And on a proud packe's sedd, as swift as thought,
Flies o're the Alpes to fruitfull Germany,
There to salute the wefull Emperour.

Faust. The Pope will curse them for their dole to day,
That slept both Bruno and his Crowne away:
But now that Faustus may delight his minde,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephostophilis so charme me here,
That I may walke inuisible to all,
And do what ere I please, vnsene of any.

Meph. Faustus thou shalt, then kneele downe presently.
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charme thee with this Magicke wand,
First weare this Girdle, then appeare
Inuisible to all are here:
The Planets seauen, the gloomy Ayre,
Hell and the Furies forked hayre,
Pluto's blew fire, and Hecats Tree,
With Magicke spells so compasse thee,
That no eye may thy body see.

Do Faustus, now for all their hallesse,
Do what thou wilt: thou shalt not be discern'd.

Faust. Thankes Mephosto: now friers take heed,
Lest Faustus make your haueu Crownes to bleed.

Meph. Faustus no more: sit where the Cardinalls come.

Enter Pope and all the Lords. Enter the Cardinalls
with a Booke.

Pope. Welcome Lord Cardinalls: come sit downe.

Lord

The Tragical History

Lord Raymond, take your seat, Fryers attend,
And see that all things be in readinesse,
As best becomes this solemne festinall.

1 Card. First, may it please your sacred Holinesse
To vblew the sentence of the reuerent Synod,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperoz.

Pope. What needs this question: did I not tell you,
To morrow we would sit i'th Consistory,
And there determine of his punishment:
You brought vs word euen now, it was decreed
That Bruno and the cursed Emperoz

Were by the holy Councell both condemn'd
For loathed Lollards, and base Seismatiques:
Then wherefore would you haue me vblew that booke?

1 Card. Your Grace mistakes you gaue vs no such charge.

Ray. Deny it not, we all are witnesses
That Bruno here was late deliuered you,
With his rich triple crowne to be reseru'd
And put into the Churches treasury.

Amb. Card. By holy Paul we saw them not.

Pope. By Peter you shall dye,
Unlesse you bring them forth immediatly.
Vale them forth to prison, lade their limbs with gyues:
False Prelates for this hatefull treachery,
Curst be your soules to hellish misery.

Faust. So, they are safe: now Faustus to the feast,
The Pope had neuer such a frolicke guest.

Pope. Lord Archbishop of Reames, sit downe with vs.

Bish. I thanke your Holinesse.

Faust. Fall to, the Diuell choake you an you spare.

Pope. Who's that spoke? Fryers looke about.

Lord Raymond pray fall to: I am beholden

To the Bishop of Millaine, for this so rare a present.

Faust. I thanke you sir.

Pope. Now now: who snatcht the meat from me?
Willaines, why speake ye not?

My good Lord Archbishop, here's a most dainty dish,
Was sent me from a Cardinall in France.

Faust.

of Doctor Faustus

Faust. He haue that stole his Holinesse?

Pope. What Lollards do attend our Holinesse,
What we receiue such great indignity? fetch me some wine.

Faust. I pray doe, for Faustus is a dy.

Pope. Lord Raymond, I drinke vnto your Grace.

Faust. I pledge your Grace.

Pope. By wine gone to: ye Lubbers looke about,
And finde the man that doth this villany,
By our sanctitude ye all shall die.

I pray my Lords haue patience

At this troublesome Banquet.

Bish. Please your Holinesse, I think it be some Ghost crept
out of Purgatory, and now is come vnto your Holinesse. for
his pardon.

Pope. It may be so:

Go then commaund our Priests to sing a Dirge,
To lay the surp of this same troublesome Ghost.

Faust. How now? must every bit be spiced with a Crosse?
Nay then take that.

Pope. O, I am flaine, helpe me my Lords:

O come and helpe to beare my body hence:

Damn'd be his soule for euer for this deed:

Exeunt Pope and his traine.

Meph. Now Faustus, what will you doe now? for I can tel
you you'll be curst with Bell, Booke, and Candle.

Faust. Bell, Booke, and Candle: Candle, Booke and Bell:
For ward and backward to curse Faustus to Hell.

Enter the Friers, with Bell, Booke, and Candle,
for the Dirge.

1 Frier. Come brethren, let's about our businesse with good
denotion.

Curst be he that stole his Holinesse meat from the Table.

Maledicat Dominus

Curst be he that stroke his Holinesse a blow on the face.

Maledicat Dominus

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Curſed be he that ſtrucke Frier Sandelo a blow on the pate.

Maledicat Dom.

Curſed be he that diſturbeth our holy Dirge.

Maledicat Dom.

Curſed be he that tooke away his Holineſſe wine.

Maledicat Dom.

Beat the Friers, ſling fire-woorkes among them.
and Exeunt.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne and Dick with a cup.

Dicke. Sirra Robin, we were beſt looke that your Diuell
can anſwere the ſtealing of this ſame Cup, for the Vintencers
Boy followes vs at the hard heeles.

Rob. 'Tis no matter, let him come; and he follow vs, Ile ſo
conſure him, as he was neuer conſur'd in his life, I warrant
him: let me ſee the Cup.

Enter Vintener.

Dicke. Here tis: Ponder he comes: Now Robin, now or
never ſhew thy cunning.

Vint. O, are you here? I am glad I haue found you, you
are a couple of fine companions: pray wher's the cup you ſtole
from the Auerne?

Rob. How, how? we ſteale a cup, take heed what you ſay,
we looke not like cup-ſtealers I can tell you.

Vint. Neuer deny't, for I know you haue it, and Ile ſearch
you.

Rob. Search me? I and ſpare not: hold the cup Dicke, come,
come, ſearch me, ſearch me.

Vint. Come on ſirra, let me ſearch you now.

Dicke. I, I, doe, doe, hold the cup Robin, I feare not your
ſearching: we ſeazne to ſteale your cups I can tell you.

Vint. Neuer outface me for the matter, for ſure the cup is
betwene you two.

Rob. Pray there you lye, tis beyond vs both.

Vint.

of Doctor Faustus.

Vint. A plague take you, I thought thus your knavery to take it away. Come give it me againe.

Rob. I, much: when, can you tell: Dicke make me a circle, and stand close at my backe, and stirre not for thy life: Vintner you shall haue your cup anon, say nothing Dicke: O perle O, Demigorgon, Belcher and Mephostophilis.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Meph. You princely Regions of Internall Rule,
How am I vexed by these villaines Charms:
From Constantinople haue they brought me now,
Onely for pleasure of these damned slaves.

Rob. By Lady sir, you haue had a shrewd journey of it, will it please you to take a shoulder of mutton to supper, and a Tester in your purse, and go backe againe.

Dic. I, I pray you heartily sir; for wee cal'd you but in least, I promise you.

Meph. To purge the rashnesse of this cursed deed,
First, be thou turned to this ugly shape,
For Apish deeds transformed to an Ape.

Rob. O braue, an Ape: I pray sir let me haue the carrying of him about to shew some tricks.

Meph. And so thou shalt: be thou transform'd to a Dogge, and carry him vpon thy backe, away, begone.

Rob. A dog, thats excellent: let the spaiers looke well to their porridge-pots, for Ile into the kitchin presently: come Dicke, come.

Exeunt the two Clownes.

Meph. Now with the flames of euill burning fire,
Ile twing my selfe, and forthwith lie amaine
Vnto my Faustus, to the great Turkes Court. Exe.

Enter Martino and Fredericke at severall doores.

Mart. What he, Officers Gentlemen,
Vnto the presence, to attend the Emperour,
Good Fredericke see the rarer he beards straight,

The Tragical History

Dispatelly is coming to the Hall, and saying R. miv
Go backe, and see the State in readiness. And I say to you
But where is Bruno our elected Pope,
That should have come backe from Rome,
Will you give him comfort the Emperour?

Mart. Yes, and with him comes the Germane Contourer,
The learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberge,
The wonder of the world for Magike Art,
And he intenes to the great Carolus
The race shall his most progenitors
And bring in presents of his mailety
The royall shapen, and possit it semblances
Of Alexander and his beautionous Paramour.

Fre. Equerres Benuolio, and say to you, if you
Mart. I will say to you, if you
He took his rouse with grapes of Rhenish wine
So kindly he night to Bruno's health,
That all this day the Suggard keepe his bed.

Fre. And his window's open, we'll call to him.
Mart. What ho, Benuolio.

Enter Benuolio about a window, in his
and carry him upon the backe, saying, Benuolio.

Ben. What a Duell is it you see, that
And at his death ten thousand Furies wait,
To accomplish what he ever the Doctor please.

Ben. What at of this, and to the
Mar. Come leave thy Chamber key, and thou shalt see
His Conturer performe such rare exploits,
Before the Duke and royal Chaperons
As neuer yet was seene in Germany.

Ben. Was not the Pope enough of this world?
He was upon the Duell backe late, and now
And if he be so, I will say to you, if you

of Doctor Faustus.

I would he would post with him to Rome againe.

Fred. Speake, wilt thou come and see this sport and show?

Ben. Not I.

Mar. Wilt thou stand in the window and see it there?

Ben. I, and I fall not asleepe with meane time.

Mar. The Emperour is at hand, who comes to see.

What wonders by black spels may compass be.

Ben. Well, goe you attend the Emperour, I am content:

for this once to thrust my head out at a window: for they say,

if a man be drunke over night, the Diuell cannot hurt him in

the morning: if that be true, I have a Charme in my head,

shall controule him as well as the Coniurer, I warrant you.

Exit.

A Sinct. Enter Charles the Germane Emperour, Brundage

Saxony, Faustus, Mephostophilis, Fredericke

Maricke, Martino, and Attendants.

Emp. Wonder of men, renown'd Magitian,

Thy learned Faustus, welcome to our Court.

This deed of thine in setting Bruno free,

From his and our professed enemy,

Shall adde more excellence vnto thine Art,

Then if by powerfull Necromantick spells,

Thou couldst command the Worlds obedience:

For ever be belov'd of Carolus.

And if this Bruno thou hast late redeem'd,

In peace possesse the triple Diadem,

And sit in Peters Chaire despight of chance,

Then shalt be famous through all Italy.

And honour'd of the Germane Emperour.

Faust. Those gracious words, most royall Carolus,

Shall make poore Faustus to his utmost power,

Both love and serve the Germane Emperour.

And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet.

For proofe whereof, if so your Grace be pleas'd,

The Tragicall History

The Doctor stands prepar'd by power of Art,
To cast his Magicke Charmes that shall pierce through
The Ebony gates of euer burning Hell,
And hale the stubborn Furies from their Caves,
To compass whatsoere your Grace commands.

Ben. Would he speakes terribly: but for all that I doe not greatly beleue him, he looks as like a Coniurer, as the Pope to a Costermonger.

Emp. When Faustus as thou late didst promise vs,
We would behold that famous Conqueroz,
Great Alexander and his Paramour,
In their true shapes and state Maiestieall,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

Fau. Your Maiesty shall see them presently,
Mephostophilis a way.

And with a solemne noyse of Trumpets sound,
Present before the royall Emperour,
Great Alexander and his beauteous Paramour.

Meph. Faustus, I will.

Ben. Well M. Doctor, and your Diuels come not away quickly, you shall haue me asleepe presently: for I could eate my selfe for anger, to thinke I haue been such an Ass all this while to stand gaping after the Diuels Couernour, and can see nothing.

Faust. He make you feeble something anon if my Art fayle me not.

My Lord I must forewarne your Maiesty,
That when my Spirits present the royall shapes
Of Alexander and his Paramour,
Your Grace demand no questions of the King,
But in dumbe silence let them come and goe.

Emp. Be it as Faustus please, we are content.

Ben. I, I, and I am content too: and thou bring Alexander and his Paramour before the Emperour, He be Acton and turne my selfe to a Stagge.

Faust. And He play Diana, and send you the hounes presently.

of Doctor Faustus.

Senit. Enter at one dore the Emperour Alexander, at the other Darius; they meete, Darius is throwne downe, Alexander kills him, takes off his Crowne, and offering to goe out, his Paramour meets him, he embraceth her, and sets Darius Crowne vpon her head; and coming backe, both salute the Emperour, who leauing his Seate, offers to embrace them, which Faustus seeing, suddenly stayes him. Then Trumpets cease, and Musicke sounds.

My gracious Lord, you do forget your selfe,
They are but shadowes, not substantiall.

Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so rauished
With sight of this renowned Emperour,
That in mine armes I would haue compass him:
But Faustus since I may not speake to them,
To satisfie my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee: I haue heard it said,
That this faire Lady while she liu'd on earth,
Had on her necke a little wart, or mole;
How may I proue that saying to be true?

Faust. Your Maestie may boldly go and see.

Emp. Faustus, I see it plaine,
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Then if I had gain'd another Monarchie.

Faust. Away, be gone.

Exit show.

Hee see my gracious Lord, what strange beast is yon,
That thrusts his head out at the window?

Emp. O wondrous sight! see Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading hornes most strangely fastned
Vpon the head of young Benuolio.

Sax. What is he asleepe or dead?

Faust. He sleepes my Lord, but dreames not of his hornes.

Emp. This sport is excellent: we'll call and wake him.

What

The Tragical History

What he, Benuolio.

Ben. A plague vpon you let me sleepe a while.

Emp. I blame thee not to sleepe much, hauing such a head of thine owne.

Sax. Looke by Benuolio, tis the Emperour calls.

Ben. The Emperour? where? O zounds my head.

Emp. Nay, and thy hoznes hold, tis no matter for thy head, for that's arm'd sufficiently.

Fau. Why hold now sir Knight, what hangd by the hoznes: this is most horrible: he, he, pull in your head for shame, let not all the world wonder at you.

Ben. Zounds Doctor, is this your villany?

Faust. I say not so sir, the Doctor has no skill,
No art, no cunning, to present these Lords,
Or bring before this royall Emperour
The mighty Monarch, warlike Alexander,
If Faustus do it, you are straight resolu'd
In bold Acteons shape to turne a stagge.
And therefore my Lord, so please your Maiesty,
He raise a kennell of hounds shall hunt him so,
That all his footmanship shall scarce preuaile,
To keepe his carcasle from their bloudy phangs.
Ho, Belimote, Argiron, Asterore.

Ben. Hold, hold: Zounds hee'l raise vp a kennel of diuels
I thinke anon: good my Lord intreat for me: I'm
neuer able to endure these torments.

Emp. Then good M. Doctor,
Let me entreat you to remoue his hoznes,
He hath done pennance now sufficiently.

Faust. My gracious Lord, not so much for iniury done to
me, as to delight your Maiesty with some mirth: hath Faustus
iustly requited this iniurious Knight, which beeing all I de-
fire, I am content to remoue his hoznes. Mephostophilis,
transforme him, and hereafter sir, looke you speake well of
Schollers.

Benu. Speake well of ye: I should and Schollers be such
Cuckold-makers to clap hoznes of honest mens heads o'this
order, He were trust smooth faces, and small ruffes more. But
an

of Doctor Faustus.

an I be not reueng'd for this, would I might bee turn'd to a
gaping Dyſter, and drinke nothing but ſalt water.

Emp. Come Faustus, while the Emperour liues,
In recompence of this thy high deſert,
Thou ſhalt command the ſtate of Germany,
And line below'd of mighty Carolus.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Benuolio, Martino, Fredericke, and
Souldiers.

Mart. May ſweet Benuolio let vs ſway thy thoughts.
From this attempt againſt the Coniurer.

Ben. Away, you loue me not to vrge me thus,
Shall I let ſlip ſo great an iniury,
When euery ſeruite groomeleaſts at my wrongs,
And in their Muſticke gamballs proudly ſay,
Benuolio's head was grac'd with hoznes to day?
O may theſe eye lids neuer cloſe againe,
Till with my ſword I haue the Coniurer ſlaine.
If you will ayd me in this enterpriſe,
Then draw your weapons and be reſolute:
If not, depart: here will Benuolio dye,
But Faustus death ſhall quit thy infamy.

Fred. Nay, we will ſtay with thee, betide what may,
And kill the Doctor if he come this way.

Ben. Then gentle Fredericke lie thee to the grove,
And place our ſeruants and our followers,
Cloſe in ambuſh there behind the trees,
By this I know the Coniurer is neere,
I ſaw him kneele and kiſſe the Emperors hand
And take his leaue laden with rich rewards.
Then Souldiers brauely fight, if Faustus die,
Take you the wealth, leaue vs the victory.

Fred. Come Souldiers, follow me vnto the grove,
Who kills him ſhall haue gold and endleſſe loue.

Exit Fredericke with the Souldiers.

Ben. My head is lighter then it was by th' hoznes,

f

But

The Tragical History

But yet my heart's more ponderous then my head,
And pants untill I see the Coniurer dead.

Mart. Where shall we place our selues Benuolio?

Ben. Here will we stay to hyde the first assault,
I were that damned hell-hound but in place,
Thou soone shouldst see me quit my foule disgrace.

Enter Fredericke.

Fred. Close, close, the Coniurer is at hand,
And all alone comes walking in his gowne:
Be ready then, and strike that Peasant downe.

Ben. Mine be that honour then: now sword strike home,
For hoznes he gaue Ile haue his head anone.

Enter Faustus with his false head.

Mart. See, see, he comes.

Ben. No words, this blow ends all,
Hell take his soule, his body thus must fall.

Faust. Oh.

Fred. Gone you Maister Doctor?

Ben. Break may his heart with grones: deere Frederick see,
Thus will I end his griefes immediately.

Mart. Strike with a willing hand, his head is off.

Ben. The Diuel's dead, the Furies may laugh.

Fred. Was this that sterne aspect, that awfull frowne,
Made the grim Monarch of infernall spirits,
Tremble and quake at his commanding Charms?

Mart. Was this that damned head, whose heart conspir'd
Benuolio's shame before the Emperour?

Ben. I thats the head, and there the bodie lies,
Justly rewarded for his villanies.

Fred. Come let's devise how we may adde more shame,
To the blacke scandall of his hated name.

Ben. First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,
Ile naille huge forked hoznes, and let them hang
Within the window where he yack'd me first,
That all the World may see my iust reuenge.

Mart. What else shall we put his beard to?

Ben.

of Doctor Faustus.

Ben. *Wheels sell it to a Chimney-sweeper: it will weare out ten birchin b:comes I warrant you.*

Fred. *What shall his eyes doe?*

Ben. *Wheels pull out his eyes, and they shall serue for buttons to his lips, to keepe his tongue from catching cold.*

Mart. *An excellent policy: and now sirs hauing diuided him, what shall the body doe?*

Ben. *Zounds the Diuell's aline againe.*

Fred. *Giue him his head for Gods sake.*

Faust. *Pay keepe it: Faustus will haue heads and hands, I call your hearts to recompence this deed.*

I knew ye not Traytors I was limited

For foure and twenty yeares to breathe on earth,

And had you cut my body with your swords,

Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,

Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,

And I had breath'd a man made free from harme.

But wheresoeuer doe I dally my reuenge?

Asteroch, Belimoth, Mephostophilis.

Enter Mephosto: and other Diuels.

Go horse these Traytors on your fiery backes,

And mount aloft with them as high as heauen,

Then pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:

Yet stay, the world shall see their misery,

And Hell shall after plague their trechery.

Go Belimoth, and take this Caitiffe hence,

And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt:

Take thou this other, dragge him through the woods,

Among the pricking thornes and sharpest byers,

Whilst with my gentle Mephostophilis,

This Traytor flies vnto some steeppe rocke,

That rotting downe, may breake the villaines bones,

As he intended to dismember me.

Fly hence, dispatch my charge immediately.

Fred. *Pitty vs gentle Faustus, save our liues.*

Faust. *Away.*

Fred. *He must needs go that the Diuell desires.*

Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.

F 3

Enter

The Tragical History

Enter the Ambusht Souldiers.

1 Sold. Come sirs, prepare your selves in readinesse,
Make haste to helpe these noble Gentlemen,
I heard them parley with the Coniurer.

2 Sold. See where he comes, dispatch and kill the slave.

Faust. Whats here? an ambush to betray my life:
Then Faustus trie thy skill: base Peasants stand;
For loe the trees remoue at my command,
And stand as Bulwarks twirt your selves and me,
To shield me from your hated trechery:
Yet to encounter this your weake attempt,
Behold an Army comes incontinent.

Faustus strikes the dore, and enter a Diuell playing on a drum,
after him another bearing an Ensigne: and diuers with weapons,
Mephostophilis with fire-workes; they set vpon the
Souldiers and driue them out.

Enter at seuerall dores Benuolio, Fredericke, and Martino, their
heads and faces bloody, and besmeard with mud
and durt; hauing all hornes on
their heads.

Mart. What ho, Benuolio?

Ben. Here, what Fredericke, ho?

Fred. O helpe me gentle friend, where is Martino?

Mart. Deere Fredericke here,
Halfe smotherd in a Lake of mud and durt,
Through which the Furies drag'd me by the heeles.

Fred. Martino see,
Benuolio's hornes againe

Mart. O misery, how woe Benuolio?

Ben. Defend me heauen, shall I be haunted still?

Mart. Pay feare not man, we haue no power to kill.

Ben. My friends transformed thus: O hellish spite,

Your

of Doctor Faustus.

Your heads are all set with hoznes.

Fred. You hit it right,

It is your owne you meane, feele on your head.

Ben. Zounds hoznes againe.

Mart. Nay chafe not man, we are all sped.

Ben. What diuell attends this damn'd Magician,
That spight of spite, our wrongs are doubled?

Fred. What may we doe that we may hide our shames?

Ben. If we should follow him to worke reuenge,
He's ioyne long Asles eares to these huge hoznes,
And make vs laughing stockes to all the world.

Mart. What shall we then do, deere Benuolio?

Ben. I haue a Castle ioyning neere these woods,
And thither wee'll repayre, and liue obscure,
Till time shall alter these our brutish shapes:
With blacke disgrace hath thus eclips'd our fame,
Weele rather die with grieve, then liue with shame.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Faustus, and the Horse-courser, and
Mephostophilis.

Horse-c. I beseech your Worship accept of these forty Dol-
lers.

Faust. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a Horse for so
small a price: I haue no great need to sell him, but if thou li-
kest him for ten dollers more, take him, because I see thou hast
a good minde to him.

Horse. I beseech you sir accept of this; I am a very poore
man, and haue lost very much of late by horse-flesh, and this
bargaine will set me vp againe.

Faust. Well I will not stand with thee; giue me the mony:
now sirra I must tell you, that you may ride him o're hedge,
and ditch, and spare him not, but doe you heare: in any case
ride him not into the water.

Horse. Now sir, not into the water: why will he not drinke
of all waters?

The Tragicall History

Faust. Yes, he will drinke of all waters, but ride him not into the water : oze hedge and ditch, o; where thou wilt, but not into the water : Go bid the Hostler deliuer him vnto you, and remember what I say.

Horse. I warrant you sir: O ioyfull day, now am I a made man for euer. Exit.

Faust. What art thou Faustus, but a man condemned to die? Thy fatall time drawes to a finall end : Despaire doth diue distrust into my thoughts. Confound these passions with a quiet sleepe, With Christ did call the Thiefe vpon the Crosse, When rest the Faustus quiet in conceit.

He sits to sleepe.

Enter the Horse-courser wet.

Horse. O what a colening Doctor was this : I riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had bene in the horse, I had nothing vnder me but a little straw, and had much adoe to escape drowning : Well Ile go rouse him, and make him giue mee my forty Dollozs againe. Ho sirra Doctor, you colening scab, Master Doctor awake, and rise, and giue me my money againe, for your horse is turned to a bottle of Hay, Master Doctor. He puls off his leg.

Alas, I am vndone, what shall I do : I haue puld off his leg.

Faust. O helpe, helpe, the villaine hath murderd me.

Horse. Murder o; not murder, now he has but one leg. Ile out-run him, and cast this leg into some ditch o; other.

Faust. Stop him, stop him, stop him — ha, ha, ha, Faustus hath his leg againe, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty Dollozs.

Enter Wagner.

Now now Wagner, what newes with the :

Wag. If it please you the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company, and hath sent some of his men to attend with provision fit for your iourney.

Faust.

of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable Gentleman,
and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning: Come
away.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne, Dicke, Horse-courser, and a Carter.

Cart. Come my Masters, Ile bring you to the best beere in
Europe, what ho, Hostesse: where be these whores?

Enter Hostesse.

Host. How now, what lacke you? What my old Guests?
welcome.

Clo. Sirra Dicke, dost know why I stand so mute?

Dic. No Robin, why is't?

Clow. I am eightene pence on the score, but say nothing,
for if she haue forgotten me.

Host. Who's this that stands so solemnly by himselfe?
What my old Guest?

Clo. O Hostesse how do you? I hope my score stands still.

Host. I there's no doubt of that, for me thinks you make
no haste to wipe it out.

Dic. Why Hostesse, I say, fetch vs some Beere.

Host. You shall presently, looke vp into the hall there, ho.

Dicke. Come sir, what shall wee doe till mine Hostesse
comes?

Cart. Marry sir, Ile tell you the bravest tale how a Con-
iurer seru'd me: you know Doctor Faustus.

Horse. I, a plague take him, here's some on's haue cause to
know him; did he coniure thee too?

Cart. Ile tell you how he seru'd me: As I was going to
Wittenberge t'other day, with a load of Hay, he met me, and
asked me what he should giue me for as much hay as he could
eate; now sir, I thinking that a little would serue his turne,
bad him take as much as he would for thre Farthings; so he
presently gaue me money, and fell to eating; and as I am a cur-
sen man, hee neuer left eating, till he had eate vp all my load
of hay.

All. O monstrous, eate a whole load of hay!

Clow.

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Clow. Yes, yes, that may be; for I haue heard one, that has eate a load of logs.

Horse. Now sirs, you shall heare how villanously he seru'd mee: I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and he would by no meanes sell him vnder forty Dollers; so sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run ouer hedge and ditch, and neuer tire, I gaue him his money: so when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus had me ride him night and day, and spare him no time: but, quoth he, in any case ride him not into the water. Now sir, I thinking the horse had had some rare quality that he would not haue me know of, what did I but rid him into a great riuer, and when I came iust in the midst, my horse banisht away, and I sate stradling vpon a bottle of hay.

All. O braue Doctor.

Horse. But you shall heare how brauely I seru'd him for it, I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleepe; I kept a hallowing and whooping in his eares, but all could not wake him: I seeing that, tooke him by the legge, and neuer rested pulling, till I had pul'd me his legge quite off, and now tis at home in mine hoftry.

Clow. And has the Doctor but one legge then: thats excellent, for one of his Diuels turn'd me into the likenesse of an Apes face.

Cart. Some more drinke Hollesse.

Clow. Harke you, wee'le into another roome and drinke a while, and then wee'le goe seeke out the Doctor.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Duke of Vanholt, his Dutchesse,
Faustus, and Mephostophilis.

Duke. Thanks Maister Doctor for these pleasant sights, for know I how sufficiently to recompence your great desert, in erecting that enchanted Castle in the Ayre: The sight whereof so delighteth me,
As nothing in the world could please me more.

Faust.

of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. I doe thinke my selfe my good Lord, highly recompenced, in that it hath pleased your Grace to thinke but well of that which Faustus hath performed. But gracious Lady, it may bee, that you haue taken no pleasure in those sights: therefore I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most desire to haue, be it in the world, it shall be yours: I haue heard that great bellied women doe long for things are rare and dainty.

Lady. True Master Doctor, and since I finde you so kind, I will make knowne vnto you what my heart desires to haue, and were it now Summer, as it is January, a dead time of the Winter, I would request no better meat then a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. This is but a small matter: go Mephostophilis, away.

Maddam, I will do more then this for your content.

Enter Mephostophilis againe with the

Here, now tast ye these, they should be good, for they came from a farre Country, I can tell you.

Duke. This makes me wonder more then all the rest, that at this time of the yeare when every tree is barren of his fruit, from whence you had these grapes.

Faust. Please it your Grace, the yeare is diuided into two circles ouer the whole world, so that when it is Winter with vs, in the contrary circle it is likewise Summer with them, as in India, Saba, and such Countries that lye farre East, where they haue fruit twice a yeare: from whence by meanes of a swift Spirit that I haue, I had these grapes brought as you see.

Lady. And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that ere I tasted.

The Clowne bounceth at the gate within.

Duke. What rude disturbers haue we at the Gate?

The Tragical History

Clow. Yes, yes, that may be; for I haue heard one, that has eate a load of logs.

Horse. Now sir, you shall heare how villanously he seru'd mee: I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and hee would by no meanes sell him vnder forty Dollers; so sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run ouer hedge and ditch, and neuer tire, I gaue him his money: so when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus had me ride him night and day, and spare him no time: but, quoth he, in any case ride him not into the water. Now sir, I thinking the horse had had some rare quality that he would not haue me know of, what did I but rid him into a great riuer, and when I came iust in the midst, my horse vanisht away, and I sate stradling vpon a bottle of hay.

All. O braue Doctor.

Horse. But you shall heare how brauely I seru'd him for it, I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleepe; I kept a hallowing and whooping in his eares, but all could not wake him: I seeing that, tooke him by the legge, and neuer rested pulling, till I had pul'd me his legge quite off, and now tis at home in mine hostry.

Clow. And has the Doctor but one legge then: thats excellent, for one of his Diuels turn'd me into the likenesse of an Apes face.

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The Tragical History

Go pacifie their fury, let it spe,
And then demand of them what they would haue.

They knocke againe, and call out to talke with
Faustus.

A Seruant. Why how now Maisters, what a coyle is
there?

What is the reason you disturbe the Duke?

Dic. We haue no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

Ser. Why saucy varlets, dare you be so bold?

Horse. I hope sir, we haue wit enough to be more bold then
welcome.

Ser. It appeares so, pray be bold else where,
And trouble not the Duke.

Duke. What would they haue?

Ser. They all cry out to speake with Doctor Faustus.

Cart. I, and we will speake with him.

Duke. Will you sir, Commit the raskalls.

Dick. Commit with vs, he were as good commit with his
father as commit with vs.

Faust. I do beseech your Grace let them come in,
They are good subiect to a merriment.

Duke. Do as thou wilt Faustus, I giue thee leaue.

Faust. I thanke your Grace.

Enter the Clowne, Dicke, Carter and two
Horse-courser.

Why how now my good friends?

Faith you are too outrageous. but come meete,

I haue procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

Clow. Say sir we will be welcome for our money, and we
will pay for what we take: What ho, giue's halfe a dozen of
Beere here and be hang'd.

Faust. Say, haue you, can you tell where you are?

Cart. I marry can I, we are vnder heauen.

Ser. I but sir saue here, know you in what place?

Horse.

of Doctor Faustus.

Horse. I, I, the house is good enough to drinke in: Zounds fill vs some Béere, or we'll breake all the barrells in the house and dash out all your bzaines with your bottles.

Faust. Be not so furious, come, you shall haue Béere,
My Lord, beseech you giue me leane a while,
Ile gage my credit, I will content your Grace.

Duke. With all my heart kinde Doctor, please thy selfe,
Our seruants and our Court's at thy command.

Faust. I humbly thanks your Grace: then fetch some Béere.

Horse. I marry there spake a Doctor indeed, and faith Ile drinke a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

Faust. My wooden leg? what dost thou meane by that?

Cart. Ha, ha, ha, dost thou heare him Dicke, he has forgot his leg.

Horse. I, I, he do's not stand much vpon that.

Faust. No faith, not much vpon a wooden leg.

Cart. Good Lord, that flesh and bloud should bee so fraile with your Worship: Doe not you remember a Horse-courser you sold a horse to?

Faust. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

Cart. And do you remember you bid he should not ride him into the water?

Faust. Yes, I do very well remember that.

Cart. And do you remember nothing of your leg?

Faust. No in good sooth.

Cart. When I pray you remember your cartesse.

Faust. Thanke you sir.

Cart. It is not so much worth: I pray you tell me one thing.

Faust. What's that?

Cart. Be both your legges bed-fellowes euery night together?

Faust. Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me, that thou askst me such questions?

Cart. No truely sir, I would make nothing of you, but I would faine know that.

Enter Hostesse with drinke.

Faust. Then I assure thee certainly they are.

The Tragical History

Cart. I thank you I am fully satisfied.

Faust. But wherefore dost thou aske?

Cart. For nothing sir: but me thinkes you should haue a wooden bedfellow of one of 'em.

Horse. Why do you haue sir, did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleepe?

Faust. But I haue it againe now I am awake: looke you here sir.

All. Oh horrible, had the Doctor three legs?

Cart. Doe you remember sir, how you cosened me and eat up my head of —

Faustus charmes him dumbe.

Dicke. Doe you remember how you made mee weare an Apes —

Horse. You whoreson conturing scab, doe you remember how you cosened me with a ho —

Clow. Haue you forgotten me: you thinke to carry it away with your Hey-passe, and Re-passe: doe you remember the dogs fa —

Exeunt Clownes.

Host. Who payes for the Ale: heare you M. Doctor, now you haue sent away my Guests, I pray who shall pay me for my A —

Exit Hostelle.

Lady. My Lord,

We are much beholden to this learned man.

Duke. So are we Maddam, which we will recompence with all the loue and kindnesse that we may.

His artfull sports driues all sad thoughts away.

Exeunt.

Thunder and lightning: Enter Diuels with couerd dishes: Mephostophilis leads them into

Faustus Study: then enter

Wagner.

Wag. I thinke my Master meanes to be shortly, he has made his will, and giuen me his wealth, his house, his goods, & more of

of

of Doctor Faustus.

of golden plate, besides two thousand Duckets ready coind: I wonder what he means, if death were nye, he would not fro-like thus: he's now at supper with the schollers, where there's such belly-chere as Wagner in his life neuer saw the like: and so where they come, be like the feast is ended. And now *Exit.*

Enter Faustus, Mephostophilis, and two or three Schollers.

1 Sch. M. Doctor Faustus, since our conference about faire Ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, wee haue determined with our selues that Hellen of Greece was the admirablist Lady that euer liu'd: therefore M. Doctor, if you will do vs so much fauour as to let vs see that peerelesse dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for Maiesty, we should thinke our selues much beholding vnto you.

Fau. Gentlemen, for that I know your friendship is vnfaind, It is not Faustus custome to deny The iust request of those that wish him well: You shall behold that peerelesse dame of Greece, No otherwise for pompe or Maiesty, When when sir Paris cross the Seas with her, And brought the spoiles to rich Dardania, Be silent then, for danger is in words.

Musicke sound. Mephosto brings in Hellen, she passeth over the stage.

2 Was this faire Hellen, whose admired worth, Made Greece with ten yeares warres afflict poore Troy?

3 Too simple is my wit to tell her worth, Whom all the world admires for Maiesty.

1 Now we haue seene the pride of Natures worke, Wee'll take our leaues, and for this blessed sight, Happy and blest be Faustus euermore.

Exeunt Schollers.

Faust. Gentlemen farewell: the same with I to you.

The Tragical History

Enter an old Man.

Old man. O gentle Faustus leaue this damned Art,
This Magicke that will charme thy soule to hell,
And quite bereaue thee of saluation.
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Do not perseuer in it like a Diuell:
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soule,
If sinne by custome grow not into nature,
Then (Faustus) will repentance come too late,
Then thou art banisht from the sight of heauen;
No mortall can expresse the paines of hell.
It may be this my exhortation
Seemes harsh and all vnpleasant; let it not,
For gentle soune, I speake it not in wrath
Nor of enuy to thee, but in tender loue,
And pity of thy future misery.
And so haue hope, that this my kind rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soule.

Fau. Where art thou Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?

Mephostophilis giues him a Dagger.

Hell claimes his right, and with a rozing voice,
Saies Faustus come, thine houre is almost come,
And Faustus now will come to doe thee right.

Old. O stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps,
I see an Angell hover o're thy head,
And with a Violl full of pretious grace,
Offers to poure the same into thy soule,
Then call for mercy and auoid despaire.

Fa. O friend I sale thy words to comfort my distressed soule,
Leaue me a while to ponder on my sinnes.

Old. Faustus, I leaue thee but with griefe of heart,
Feering the enemy of thy haplesse soule. Exit.

Faust. Accursed Faustus, wretch what hast thou done?
I do repent, and yet I doe despaire,
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breaſt:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Then Traytor Faustus, I arrest thy soule,
For disobedience to my soueraigne Lord,

Renolt,

of Doctor Faustus.

Renolt. O! He in piece-meale tears thy flesh.

Faust. I do repent I e're offended him,

Sweet Mephostophilis intreat thy Lord

To pardon my vnjust presumption,

And with my blood againe I will confirme

The former vow I made to Lucifer.

Doe it then Faustus with vnfained heart,

Least greater dangers do attend thy oist.

Torment sweet friend, that base and aged man,

That burst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,

With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soule,

But what I afflict his body with.

I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing good seruant let me craue of thee,

To glut the longing of my hearts desire,

That I may haue vnto my Paramour,

That heavenly Hellen which I saw of late,

Whose sweet embraces may extinguish cleare,

Whose thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,

And keepe my vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. This, O! what else my Faustus shall desire,

Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Enter Hellen againe, passing ouer betweene
two Cupids.

Faust. Was this the face that launcht a thousand ships,
And burnt the toplesse Towers of Ilium?

Sweet Hellen make me immortall with a kisse:

Her lips sucke forth my soule, see where it lies,

Come Hellen, come, giue me my soule againe,

Here will I dwell, for heauen is in these lips,

And all is o're that is not Helena.

I will be Paris, and for lone of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberge be sackt,

And I will combat with weake Menelaus,
And weare thy colours on my plumed crest,

The Tragical History

Yea I will wound Achilles in the heele,
And then returne to Hellen for a kisse.
O thou art fairer then the Euenings Ayre,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand Starres:
Brighter art thou then flaming Iupiter,
When he appeard to haplesse Semele.
More louely then the Monarch of the Skye,
In wanton Arechusa's azurd armes,
And none but thou shalt be my Paramour.

Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis.

Lucif. Thus from infernall Dis do we ascend,
To view the subiects of our monarchy,
Those soules which sinne seales the blacke sonnes of hell,
Among which as chiefe, Faustus we come to thee,
Bringing with vs lasting damnation,
To wait vpon thy soule; the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.

Meph. And this gloomy night,
Here in this roome will wretched Faustus be.

Belz. And here wee'll stay,
To marke him how he doth demeane himselfe.

Meph. How should he, but in desperate lunacy:
Fond worshipping now his heart-bloud dries with griefe;
His conscience kills it, and his labouring baine
Begets a world of idle fantasies,
To ouer-reach the Diuell; but all in vaine,
His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with paine.
He and his servant Wagner are at hand.
Both come from drawing Faustus latest Will.
See where they come.

Enter Faustus and Wagner.

Faust. Say Wagner, thou hast perus'd my Will,
How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yeeld
My life and lasting seruice for your loue.

Enter the Schollers.

Faust.

of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. Gramercy Wagner.

Welcome Gentlemen.

1 Now worthy Faustus, me thinks your looks are chang'd.

Faust. Oh Gentlemen.

2 What ayles Faustus?

Faust. Ah my sweet Chamber-fellow, had I liv'd with thee,
Then had I lived still, but now must dye eternally.

Loke sir, comes he not, comes he not?

1 O my deare Faustus, what imports this feare?

2 Is all our pleasure turn'd to malancholly?

3 He is not well with being over solitary.

2 If it be so, wee'll haue Physicians, and Faustus shall bee
cur'd.

3 'Tis but a surfet sir, feare nothing.

Faust. A surfet of deadly sinne, that hath damn'd both body
and soule.

2 Yet Faustus looke vp to heauen, and remember mercy is
infinite.

Faust. But Faustus offence can nere be pardoned:

The Serpent that tempted Eve may be saued,

But not Faustus. O Gentlemen, heare me with paffence, and
tremble not at my speeches, though my heart pant and quiver
to remember that I haue been a Student here these 30. years.

O would I had nere seene Wittenberge, neuer read booke, and
what wonders I haue done, all Germany can witnesse; yea
all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both Germany and
the world, yea Heauen it selfe: Heauen, the seat of God, the
Throne of the blessed, the Kingdome of ioy, and must remaine
in Hell for ever. Hell, O Hell for ever. Sweet friends, what
shall become of Faustus being in Hell for ever?

2 Yet Faustus call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abiur'd: On God,
whom Faustus hath blasphem'd: O my God, I would weepe,
but the diuell draws in my teares. Gush forth blood in stead
of teares, yea life and soule: Oh he staies my tongue: I would
lift vp my hands, but see they hold 'em, they hold 'em.

All. Who Faustus?

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lift vp my hands, but see they hold 'em, they hold 'em.

All. Who Faustus?

Faust. Why Lucifer and Mephistophilis. O Gentlemen,

The Tragical History

I gave them my soule for my cunning.

All. O God forbid.

Faust. God forbid it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for the vaine pleasure of foure and twenty yeares, hath Faustus lost eternall joy and felicity. I will them a bill with mine owne blood, the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

1 Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that Diuines might haue prayd for thee?

Faust. Oft haue I thought to haue done so: but the Diuell threatned to teare me in pieces if I nam'd God: to fetch mee body and soule if I once gave eare to Diuinity: and now it is too late. Gentlemen away, lest you perish with me.

2 O what may we do to saue Faustus?

Faust. Talke not of me, but saue your selues and depart.

3 God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

1 Tempt not God sweet friend, but let vs into the next room and pray for him.

Faust. I pray for me, pray for me, and what noise soeuer you heare come not hoto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2 Pray thou and we will pray, that God may haue mercy vpon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen farewell: if I liue till morning Ile visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus farewell.

Exeunt Schollers.

Meph. O Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heauen, therefore despaire, thinke onely vpon hell: for that must be thy mansion there to dwell.

Faust. O thou bewitching Fiend it was thy temptation; Hath rob'd me of eternall happinesse.

Meph. I doe confesse it Faustus, and reioyce. 'Twas I, that when thou wert i'th way to heauen, Damb'd vp thy passage, when thou tookst the booke, To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaues, And led thine etc.

What weep'st thou? 'tis too late: despaire, farewell.

Faust.

of Doctor Faustus:

Foales that will laugh on earth, must weep in Hell.

Exit.

**Enter the Good Angell, and the Bad, at
seuerall doores.**

Good. O Faustus, if thou hadst giuen eare to me,
Innumerable ioyes had followed thee.
But thou didst loue the world.

Bad. Came eare to me,
And now must tast hell paines perpetually.

Good. O what will all thy riches, pleasures, pompes,
Auaile thee now?

Bad. Nothing but bere thee more,
To want in hell, that had on earth such store.

Musicke while the Throne descends.

Good. O thou hast lost celestiall happinesse,
Pleasures unspeakeable, blisse without end.
Hadst thou affected sweet Diuinity,
Hell or the Diuill had had no power on thee,
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus behold,
In what resplendant glory thou hadst sit
In yonder Throne, like those bright shining Saints,
And triumpht ouer Hell: that hast thou lost,
And now (poore soule) must thy good Angell leaue thee,
The iawes of Hell is ready to receiue thee. **Exit.**

Hell is discouered,

Bad. Now Faustus let thine eyes with horroz stare
Into that vast perpetuall torture-house:
There are the Furies tossing damned soules,
On burning forkes: their bodies boyle in Lead.
There are lye quarters broyling on the Coles,
That ne're can dye: this euer-burning Chaire,
Is for o're-tortur'd soules to rest them in.
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire,
Were Gluttons, that lou'd onely delicates,
And laught to see the poore starue at their gates:
But yet all these are nothing, thou shalt see

The Tragicall History

Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust. O, I haue seene enough to torture me.

Bad. Nay thou must feele them, tast the smart of all,
He that lones pleasure must for pleasure fall:

And so I leaue thee Faustus till anon,

Then wilt thou tumble in confusion.

Exit.

The Clocke strikes eleuen.

Faust. O Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hower to liue,

And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.

Stand still you euer-mouing Sphaeres of Heauen,

That time may cease, and midnight neuer come,

Faire Natures eye, rise, rise againe and make

Perpetuall day: or let this hower be but a yeare,

A month, a weeke, a naturall day,

That Faustus may repent and saue his soule.

O lente, lente, currite noctis equi.

The Stars moue still, time runnes, the Clocke will strike,

The Diuell will come and Faustus must be damn'd.

O Ile leap vp to Heauen: who puls me downe?

See where Christs blood streames in the firmament,

One drop of blood will saue me: Oh my Christ,

Reend not my heart for naming of my Christ,

Yet will I call on him: O spare me Lucifer.

Where is it now: tis gone.

And see a threatning arme, an angry brow.

Mountaines and hilles, come, come, and fall on me,

And hide me from the heauy wrath of heauen.

No: then will I headlong run into the earth:

Cape earth; Oh no, it will not harbour me.

You Starres that raining at my natiuitie,

Whose influence haue allotted death and hell,

Now draw vp Faustus like a foggy mist,

Into the entralls of your labouring cloud;

That when you vomit forth into the Ayre,

My limbs may issue from your smoky mouthes,

But let my soule mount, and ascend to heauen.

The

of Doctor Faustus.

The watch strikes.
O halfe the houre is past: 'twill all be past anon:
O, if my soule must suffer for my sinne,
Impose some end to my incessant paine:
Let Faustus liue in Hell a thousand yeares,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sa'd:
No end is limited to damned soules.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?
O? why is this immortall that thou hast?
O Pythagoras Metempsychosis, were that true,
This soule should flie from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they dye,
Their soules are some dissol'd in Elements:
But mine must liue still to be plagu'd in Hell.
Curst be the parents that ingendred me:
No Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the ioyes of Heauen.

The Clocke strikes twelue.

It strikes, it strikes, now body turne to ayre,
O? Lucifer will beare thee quicke to Hell.
O soule be chang'd into small water drops,
And fall into the Ocean nere be found.

Thunder, and enter the Diuels.

O mercy Heauen, looke not so fierce on me,
Adders and Serpents let me breathe a while:
Ugly Hell gape not; come not Lucifer,
He burne my bookes: O Mephostophilis.

Enter Schollers.

1 Come Gentlemen, let vs goe visit Faustus,
For such a dreadfull night was neuer seene,
Since first the worlds Creation did begin.
Such fearefull shriekes and cries were neuer heard:
Pray Heauen the Doctor haue escap't the danger.

2 O helpe vs Heauens, see here are Faustus limbes,
All torne asunder by the hand of death.

The Tragicall History

3 The Diuell whom Faustus leu'd hath tozme him thus:
For twixt the houres of twelue and one, me thought
I heard him shreke and call aloud for helpe
At which selfe time the house seem'd all on fire,
With dreadfull ho:rs of these damned Friends.

2 Well Gentlemen, though Faustus end be such,
As every Christian heart laments to thinke on:
Yet for he was a Scholler once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our Germane schooles,
We'll giue his mangled limbs due buriell:
And all the Students cloath'd in mourning blacke,
Shall wait vpon his heauy funerall. **Exeunt.**

Enter Chorus.

Cut is the branch that might haue growne full straight,
And burned is Apollo's Latzell bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone, regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendfull fortune may exhort the wise
Onely to wonder at vnlatfull things:
Whose deepnesse doth intice such forward wits,
To practise moze then heavenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, terminat Author opus.



FFNS.

